

MORE FOR POLLOIN

Went to Police After Starting for Court and Told Them Three Strangers Had Tried to Break Into Her Flat.

TESTIFIED THAT SHE WAS BEING PERSECUTED.

Had Another Stormy Scene with Lawyer Abe Levy. Who Continued a Merciless Cross-Examination.

Charles was accused. Mrs. Pollin, who was on her way from her home at No. 26 West Fifty-third street to the Centre Street Court, where she was due to continue her testimony against Mrs. Anna Ortiz today, she stopped in the West Sixty-eighth street police station. She had been there often that night. Fitzpatrick recognized her and sighed.

"Three men have been trying to break into my flat this morning," said Mrs. Pollin.

Sergeant Fitzpatrick did not appear to be consumed with enthusiasm over the news and Mrs. Pollin became angry.

"I want to know if I am going to have protection," she almost screamed. "My life and the life of my sister Charlotte are in danger."

Charlotte, who accompanied Mrs. Pollin, agreed. As the woman could not say that the three men had attempted forcible entry, Sergeant Fitzpatrick called himself with sending word to the policeman on the beat to keep an eye on the Pollin apartments.

Mrs. Pollin, with this assurance, entered a hansom and drove to the Centre Street Court with Charlotte. There was a crowd waiting them that filled the private chambers of Magistrate Hogan. Both young women were richly attired. In striking contrast to Mrs. Ortiz, who was dressed in plain, cheap garments.

"Suspend Jack" McGee, who attended Mrs. Ortiz, wore a white waistcoat, a long cutaway coat and a scarlet boutonniere.

Dented Blackmail Charge. Mrs. Pollin took the stand to again undergo the scathing cross-examination of Lawyer Abraham Levy. One of the first questions asked her was if she had ever blackmailed Rufus M. Townsend, of Troy, her lawyer in the divorce proceedings.

Mr. Fitzgerald, her counsel, objected, saying that blackmail would have to be proved before such a question could be asked. Mr. Levy assured the Court that he would prove the blackmail in good time and the question was admitted.

"During the divorce proceedings didn't you write you letters of a more friendly tone than is usual in protested himself with sending word to the you tell him that unless he hurried up your decree and wiped out his charge of \$400 his wife might be interested in these letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"This is simply outrageous!" cried Mrs. Pollin, jumping to her feet. "I have known Mr. Townsend all my life. He was a friend of my father, and when I started my divorce proceedings he volunteered his services gratuitously, saying that if I ever was in circumstances to pay him the cost would be about \$200."

She has the letters. "Where are those letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"I have them."

"Why do you keep them?"

"Because they refer to my divorce."

"Your decree was granted mainly on the testimony of your sister, was it not?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Pollin was asked if she knew Charles Forsyth, Otis P. Lamar, of No. 26 West Fifty-third street, and William Salsola, of No. 22 West Twenty-ninth street, she said that she thought two of them were detectives and had employed to shadow her husband.

When asked if she knew Alfred Lamb and George Robinson she replied that he had employed both of them as lawyers.

"You said yesterday that you did not know Tony Gutierrez, who keeps an undertaking establishment across the street from where you lived in Lexington avenue," said Mr. Levy.

"I don't know him."

"In December, 1902, didn't you send out from his place for whiskey and drink it with his manager, Fred Guillevin, until you were in such a condition that you had to be carried home?"

"I deny it," answered Mrs. Pollin angrily.

"Did you not, in October, 1902, say to Officer that my guy is W. Gould Brokaw, a millionaire and a good sucker with no brains. He is the richest man on my string?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Pollin was asked if she knew Fred Miller, who she said was a witness in the alleged conversation.

"Do you know Fred Miller?" she was asked.

"No."

"In conversation with Fred Miller in your Lexington avenue home didn't he ask you why you didn't marry Brokaw if he had so much money, and didn't you reply that you would marry the best man in the world so long as the banker crop held out and your graft was good?"

Mrs. Pollin insisted that she didn't know Fred Miller.

"Didn't you tell Fred Miller that you had eight men on your string, that they were all who you thought of them thought he was the real thing?"

Mrs. Pollin denied this imputation of the chief character in the Garlick Theatre play, "Civilians' Pains."

"The mill appeared to have been grinding pretty hard here and in Troy," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"You bet the mill has been grinding," retorted Mr. Levy, "and it has been grinding out good stuff."

More Alleged Companions. Mrs. Pollin was asked if she knew Mr. Fitzgerald, Jerry O'Connor, Leon Wirtz and Theodore Hall. She said she knew them.

"Did you not," queried Mr. Levy, "tell all of these men and especially Mr. Wirtz, that Brokaw ever dropped you you would pay him to hire a shyster lawyer and sue him for breach of promise, the old man that he would settle rather than stand the notoriety?"

Again Mrs. Pollin made denial. She was asked if she knew Mr. Fitzgerald, and her answer became acute when she was asked if she

WEDGED ON BED OF SICKNESS

Mrs. Emily Frances Gahn Is Married to Charles Dickinson Meneely, of Brooklyn. While Latter Lies Dangerously Ill.

IS THOUGHT A WOMAN'S LOVING CARE MAY SAVE.

She is Wealthy and Well-Known in This City and Newport and He is a High Official in Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

Charles was accused. Mrs. Gahn, who was on her way from her home at No. 26 West Fifty-third street to the Centre Street Court, where she was due to continue her testimony against Mrs. Anna Ortiz today, she stopped in the West Sixty-eighth street police station. She had been there often that night. Fitzpatrick recognized her and sighed.

"Three men have been trying to break into my flat this morning," said Mrs. Gahn.

Sergeant Fitzpatrick did not appear to be consumed with enthusiasm over the news and Mrs. Gahn became angry.

"I want to know if I am going to have protection," she almost screamed. "My life and the life of my sister Charlotte are in danger."

Charlotte, who accompanied Mrs. Gahn, agreed. As the woman could not say that the three men had attempted forcible entry, Sergeant Fitzpatrick called himself with sending word to the policeman on the beat to keep an eye on the Gahn apartments.

Mrs. Gahn, with this assurance, entered a hansom and drove to the Centre Street Court with Charlotte. There was a crowd waiting them that filled the private chambers of Magistrate Hogan. Both young women were richly attired. In striking contrast to Mrs. Ortiz, who was dressed in plain, cheap garments.

"Suspend Jack" McGee, who attended Mrs. Ortiz, wore a white waistcoat, a long cutaway coat and a scarlet boutonniere.

Dented Blackmail Charge. Mrs. Gahn took the stand to again undergo the scathing cross-examination of Lawyer Abraham Levy. One of the first questions asked her was if she had ever blackmailed Rufus M. Townsend, of Troy, her lawyer in the divorce proceedings.

Mr. Fitzgerald, her counsel, objected, saying that blackmail would have to be proved before such a question could be asked. Mr. Levy assured the Court that he would prove the blackmail in good time and the question was admitted.

"During the divorce proceedings didn't you write you letters of a more friendly tone than is usual in protested himself with sending word to the you tell him that unless he hurried up your decree and wiped out his charge of \$400 his wife might be interested in these letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"This is simply outrageous!" cried Mrs. Gahn, jumping to her feet. "I have known Mr. Townsend all my life. He was a friend of my father, and when I started my divorce proceedings he volunteered his services gratuitously, saying that if I ever was in circumstances to pay him the cost would be about \$200."

She has the letters. "Where are those letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"I have them."

"Why do you keep them?"

"Because they refer to my divorce."

"Your decree was granted mainly on the testimony of your sister, was it not?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Charles Forsyth, Otis P. Lamar, of No. 26 West Fifty-third street, and William Salsola, of No. 22 West Twenty-ninth street, she said that she thought two of them were detectives and had employed to shadow her husband.

When asked if she knew Alfred Lamb and George Robinson she replied that he had employed both of them as lawyers.

"You said yesterday that you did not know Tony Gutierrez, who keeps an undertaking establishment across the street from where you lived in Lexington avenue," said Mr. Levy.

"I don't know him."

"In December, 1902, didn't you send out from his place for whiskey and drink it with his manager, Fred Guillevin, until you were in such a condition that you had to be carried home?"

"I deny it," answered Mrs. Gahn angrily.

"Did you not, in October, 1902, say to Officer that my guy is W. Gould Brokaw, a millionaire and a good sucker with no brains. He is the richest man on my string?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Fred Miller, who she said was a witness in the alleged conversation.

"Do you know Fred Miller?" she was asked.

"No."

"In conversation with Fred Miller in your Lexington avenue home didn't he ask you why you didn't marry Brokaw if he had so much money, and didn't you reply that you would marry the best man in the world so long as the banker crop held out and your graft was good?"

Mrs. Gahn insisted that she didn't know Fred Miller.

"Didn't you tell Fred Miller that you had eight men on your string, that they were all who you thought of them thought he was the real thing?"

Mrs. Gahn denied this imputation of the chief character in the Garlick Theatre play, "Civilians' Pains."

"The mill appeared to have been grinding pretty hard here and in Troy," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"You bet the mill has been grinding," retorted Mr. Levy, "and it has been grinding out good stuff."

WEDGED ON BED OF SICKNESS

Mrs. Emily Frances Gahn Is Married to Charles Dickinson Meneely, of Brooklyn. While Latter Lies Dangerously Ill.

IS THOUGHT A WOMAN'S LOVING CARE MAY SAVE.

She is Wealthy and Well-Known in This City and Newport and He is a High Official in Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

Charles was accused. Mrs. Gahn, who was on her way from her home at No. 26 West Fifty-third street to the Centre Street Court, where she was due to continue her testimony against Mrs. Anna Ortiz today, she stopped in the West Sixty-eighth street police station. She had been there often that night. Fitzpatrick recognized her and sighed.

"Three men have been trying to break into my flat this morning," said Mrs. Gahn.

Sergeant Fitzpatrick did not appear to be consumed with enthusiasm over the news and Mrs. Gahn became angry.

"I want to know if I am going to have protection," she almost screamed. "My life and the life of my sister Charlotte are in danger."

Charlotte, who accompanied Mrs. Gahn, agreed. As the woman could not say that the three men had attempted forcible entry, Sergeant Fitzpatrick called himself with sending word to the policeman on the beat to keep an eye on the Gahn apartments.

Mrs. Gahn, with this assurance, entered a hansom and drove to the Centre Street Court with Charlotte. There was a crowd waiting them that filled the private chambers of Magistrate Hogan. Both young women were richly attired. In striking contrast to Mrs. Ortiz, who was dressed in plain, cheap garments.

"Suspend Jack" McGee, who attended Mrs. Ortiz, wore a white waistcoat, a long cutaway coat and a scarlet boutonniere.

Dented Blackmail Charge. Mrs. Gahn took the stand to again undergo the scathing cross-examination of Lawyer Abraham Levy. One of the first questions asked her was if she had ever blackmailed Rufus M. Townsend, of Troy, her lawyer in the divorce proceedings.

Mr. Fitzgerald, her counsel, objected, saying that blackmail would have to be proved before such a question could be asked. Mr. Levy assured the Court that he would prove the blackmail in good time and the question was admitted.

"During the divorce proceedings didn't you write you letters of a more friendly tone than is usual in protested himself with sending word to the you tell him that unless he hurried up your decree and wiped out his charge of \$400 his wife might be interested in these letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"This is simply outrageous!" cried Mrs. Gahn, jumping to her feet. "I have known Mr. Townsend all my life. He was a friend of my father, and when I started my divorce proceedings he volunteered his services gratuitously, saying that if I ever was in circumstances to pay him the cost would be about \$200."

She has the letters. "Where are those letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"I have them."

"Why do you keep them?"

"Because they refer to my divorce."

"Your decree was granted mainly on the testimony of your sister, was it not?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Charles Forsyth, Otis P. Lamar, of No. 26 West Fifty-third street, and William Salsola, of No. 22 West Twenty-ninth street, she said that she thought two of them were detectives and had employed to shadow her husband.

When asked if she knew Alfred Lamb and George Robinson she replied that he had employed both of them as lawyers.

"You said yesterday that you did not know Tony Gutierrez, who keeps an undertaking establishment across the street from where you lived in Lexington avenue," said Mr. Levy.

"I don't know him."

"In December, 1902, didn't you send out from his place for whiskey and drink it with his manager, Fred Guillevin, until you were in such a condition that you had to be carried home?"

"I deny it," answered Mrs. Gahn angrily.

"Did you not, in October, 1902, say to Officer that my guy is W. Gould Brokaw, a millionaire and a good sucker with no brains. He is the richest man on my string?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Fred Miller, who she said was a witness in the alleged conversation.

"Do you know Fred Miller?" she was asked.

"No."

"In conversation with Fred Miller in your Lexington avenue home didn't he ask you why you didn't marry Brokaw if he had so much money, and didn't you reply that you would marry the best man in the world so long as the banker crop held out and your graft was good?"

Mrs. Gahn insisted that she didn't know Fred Miller.

"Didn't you tell Fred Miller that you had eight men on your string, that they were all who you thought of them thought he was the real thing?"

Mrs. Gahn denied this imputation of the chief character in the Garlick Theatre play, "Civilians' Pains."

"The mill appeared to have been grinding pretty hard here and in Troy," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"You bet the mill has been grinding," retorted Mr. Levy, "and it has been grinding out good stuff."

WEDGED ON BED OF SICKNESS

Mrs. Emily Frances Gahn Is Married to Charles Dickinson Meneely, of Brooklyn. While Latter Lies Dangerously Ill.

IS THOUGHT A WOMAN'S LOVING CARE MAY SAVE.

She is Wealthy and Well-Known in This City and Newport and He is a High Official in Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

Charles was accused. Mrs. Gahn, who was on her way from her home at No. 26 West Fifty-third street to the Centre Street Court, where she was due to continue her testimony against Mrs. Anna Ortiz today, she stopped in the West Sixty-eighth street police station. She had been there often that night. Fitzpatrick recognized her and sighed.

"Three men have been trying to break into my flat this morning," said Mrs. Gahn.

Sergeant Fitzpatrick did not appear to be consumed with enthusiasm over the news and Mrs. Gahn became angry.

"I want to know if I am going to have protection," she almost screamed. "My life and the life of my sister Charlotte are in danger."

Charlotte, who accompanied Mrs. Gahn, agreed. As the woman could not say that the three men had attempted forcible entry, Sergeant Fitzpatrick called himself with sending word to the policeman on the beat to keep an eye on the Gahn apartments.

Mrs. Gahn, with this assurance, entered a hansom and drove to the Centre Street Court with Charlotte. There was a crowd waiting them that filled the private chambers of Magistrate Hogan. Both young women were richly attired. In striking contrast to Mrs. Ortiz, who was dressed in plain, cheap garments.

"Suspend Jack" McGee, who attended Mrs. Ortiz, wore a white waistcoat, a long cutaway coat and a scarlet boutonniere.

Dented Blackmail Charge. Mrs. Gahn took the stand to again undergo the scathing cross-examination of Lawyer Abraham Levy. One of the first questions asked her was if she had ever blackmailed Rufus M. Townsend, of Troy, her lawyer in the divorce proceedings.

Mr. Fitzgerald, her counsel, objected, saying that blackmail would have to be proved before such a question could be asked. Mr. Levy assured the Court that he would prove the blackmail in good time and the question was admitted.

"During the divorce proceedings didn't you write you letters of a more friendly tone than is usual in protested himself with sending word to the you tell him that unless he hurried up your decree and wiped out his charge of \$400 his wife might be interested in these letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"This is simply outrageous!" cried Mrs. Gahn, jumping to her feet. "I have known Mr. Townsend all my life. He was a friend of my father, and when I started my divorce proceedings he volunteered his services gratuitously, saying that if I ever was in circumstances to pay him the cost would be about \$200."

She has the letters. "Where are those letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"I have them."

"Why do you keep them?"

"Because they refer to my divorce."

"Your decree was granted mainly on the testimony of your sister, was it not?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Charles Forsyth, Otis P. Lamar, of No. 26 West Fifty-third street, and William Salsola, of No. 22 West Twenty-ninth street, she said that she thought two of them were detectives and had employed to shadow her husband.

When asked if she knew Alfred Lamb and George Robinson she replied that he had employed both of them as lawyers.

"You said yesterday that you did not know Tony Gutierrez, who keeps an undertaking establishment across the street from where you lived in Lexington avenue," said Mr. Levy.

"I don't know him."

"In December, 1902, didn't you send out from his place for whiskey and drink it with his manager, Fred Guillevin, until you were in such a condition that you had to be carried home?"

"I deny it," answered Mrs. Gahn angrily.

"Did you not, in October, 1902, say to Officer that my guy is W. Gould Brokaw, a millionaire and a good sucker with no brains. He is the richest man on my string?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Fred Miller, who she said was a witness in the alleged conversation.

"Do you know Fred Miller?" she was asked.

"No."

"In conversation with Fred Miller in your Lexington avenue home didn't he ask you why you didn't marry Brokaw if he had so much money, and didn't you reply that you would marry the best man in the world so long as the banker crop held out and your graft was good?"

Mrs. Gahn insisted that she didn't know Fred Miller.

"Didn't you tell Fred Miller that you had eight men on your string, that they were all who you thought of them thought he was the real thing?"

Mrs. Gahn denied this imputation of the chief character in the Garlick Theatre play, "Civilians' Pains."

"The mill appeared to have been grinding pretty hard here and in Troy," remarked Mr. Fitzgerald, with a tinge of sarcasm in his voice.

"You bet the mill has been grinding," retorted Mr. Levy, "and it has been grinding out good stuff."

WEDGED ON BED OF SICKNESS

Mrs. Emily Frances Gahn Is Married to Charles Dickinson Meneely, of Brooklyn. While Latter Lies Dangerously Ill.

IS THOUGHT A WOMAN'S LOVING CARE MAY SAVE.

She is Wealthy and Well-Known in This City and Newport and He is a High Official in Brooklyn Rapid Transit.

Charles was accused. Mrs. Gahn, who was on her way from her home at No. 26 West Fifty-third street to the Centre Street Court, where she was due to continue her testimony against Mrs. Anna Ortiz today, she stopped in the West Sixty-eighth street police station. She had been there often that night. Fitzpatrick recognized her and sighed.

"Three men have been trying to break into my flat this morning," said Mrs. Gahn.

Sergeant Fitzpatrick did not appear to be consumed with enthusiasm over the news and Mrs. Gahn became angry.

"I want to know if I am going to have protection," she almost screamed. "My life and the life of my sister Charlotte are in danger."

Charlotte, who accompanied Mrs. Gahn, agreed. As the woman could not say that the three men had attempted forcible entry, Sergeant Fitzpatrick called himself with sending word to the policeman on the beat to keep an eye on the Gahn apartments.

Mrs. Gahn, with this assurance, entered a hansom and drove to the Centre Street Court with Charlotte. There was a crowd waiting them that filled the private chambers of Magistrate Hogan. Both young women were richly attired. In striking contrast to Mrs. Ortiz, who was dressed in plain, cheap garments.

"Suspend Jack" McGee, who attended Mrs. Ortiz, wore a white waistcoat, a long cutaway coat and a scarlet boutonniere.

Dented Blackmail Charge. Mrs. Gahn took the stand to again undergo the scathing cross-examination of Lawyer Abraham Levy. One of the first questions asked her was if she had ever blackmailed Rufus M. Townsend, of Troy, her lawyer in the divorce proceedings.

Mr. Fitzgerald, her counsel, objected, saying that blackmail would have to be proved before such a question could be asked. Mr. Levy assured the Court that he would prove the blackmail in good time and the question was admitted.

"During the divorce proceedings didn't you write you letters of a more friendly tone than is usual in protested himself with sending word to the you tell him that unless he hurried up your decree and wiped out his charge of \$400 his wife might be interested in these letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"This is simply outrageous!" cried Mrs. Gahn, jumping to her feet. "I have known Mr. Townsend all my life. He was a friend of my father, and when I started my divorce proceedings he volunteered his services gratuitously, saying that if I ever was in circumstances to pay him the cost would be about \$200."

She has the letters. "Where are those letters?" asked Mr. Levy.

"I have them."

"Why do you keep them?"

"Because they refer to my divorce."

"Your decree was granted mainly on the testimony of your sister, was it not?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Charles Forsyth, Otis P. Lamar, of No. 26 West Fifty-third street, and William Salsola, of No. 22 West Twenty-ninth street, she said that she thought two of them were detectives and had employed to shadow her husband.

When asked if she knew Alfred Lamb and George Robinson she replied that he had employed both of them as lawyers.

"You said yesterday that you did not know Tony Gutierrez, who keeps an undertaking establishment across the street from where you lived in Lexington avenue," said Mr. Levy.

"I don't know him."

"In December, 1902, didn't you send out from his place for whiskey and drink it with his manager, Fred Guillevin, until you were in such a condition that you had to be carried home?"

"I deny it," answered Mrs. Gahn angrily.

"Did you not, in October, 1902, say to Officer that my guy is W. Gould Brokaw, a millionaire and a good sucker with no brains. He is the richest man on my string?"

This question was objected to, but dropped. Mrs. Gahn was asked if she knew Fred Miller, who she said was a witness in the alleged conversation.

"Do you know Fred Miller?" she was asked.

"No."

"In conversation with Fred Miller in your Lexington avenue home didn't he ask you why you didn't marry Brokaw if he had so much money, and didn't you reply that you would marry the best man in the world so long as the banker crop held out and your graft was good?"

Mrs. Gahn insisted that she didn't know Fred Miller.

"Didn't you tell Fred Miller that you had eight men on your string, that they were all who you thought of them thought he was the real thing?"

Mrs. Gahn denied this imputation of the chief character in the Gar